

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 32**

**“THE HOUSE-CAR  
GOES TO MINNESOTA  
--to the CANADIAN  
BOUNDARY,”**

**1937**

1937. The House-car goes to Minnesota - 75  
the Canadian boundary.

July 18. Sunday: En route.  
Off for Minnesota, the Canadian  
line, and the Lake of the Woods.  
End of first day out: was mostly  
cloudy and cool. Left home 4:15.  
Breakfast at Omaha. Arrived at  
Storn Lake noon. Winter over-  
looking lake. An hour's rest.  
Sunday traffic heavier and faster  
around Lake Okoboji. Turned  
in at 4:00 P.M. at Spirit Lake.  
Made 258 miles. - - - Sick  
with fatigue.

July 19. Miles - 289 - of our eventful  
maturing thru pleasant farm land:  
harvest fields, tall corn, and pleasant  
lakes. Warm but not hot. Miles  
of wash board road this afternoon  
made me doubt "Conoco service"  
for the first time. But good  
roads piled up mileage late in  
the afternoon. Always pleasant  
to come to the fives. We made  
Park Rapids where we found  
a pleasant tourist's camp for  
the night.

July 20. Eight o'clock and off for the north country and tall firs! For 50 miles to Bemidji we had fine high way thru thickly wooded firs, and on to Blackduck, but here the gods deserted us! An afternoon of difficulties began: we set out on a detour, always bad enough. The country had been recently flooded with a 12 inch rain. After a road truck had rescued us, we took a cross road, determined to get another high way. The afternoon was hot, the car bucked, and we followed a narrow road - many places flooded - thru a thick brush country. We finally reached our high way, and set out on more detours and uncertain roads for 70 miles to International Falls. But a few miles out we slid on a soft shoulder in passing a car and were down! Edward had to return to the village for help. Out of that we went on to finally stop for the night at a village with a popping gasoline pump!

July 21. Fort Frances, Ontario, Canada. City park on the shore of Rainy Lake.

We were so glad to get to International Falls at ten o'clock this morning, after 50 miles more of wash board road and holes. After walking the length of the village we crossed over into Fort Frances, Ontario. There was little to distinguish this place from any American village, but there was the Union Jack fluttering from the Custom House, and billboards advertising English made cigarette! We felt Canadian! We have a pleasant camp site this afternoon overlooking the waters of Rainy Lake. But again the joy of the trip has quite vanished for Edward has set out for the village for repairs: the gas tank has sprung a leak. Well, any way we had a very pleasant place to stop for any repairs. It could be worse! It can - usually.

July 22. Camp Rainy Lake.

A day in camp. After a heavy rain last night we decided to lay over. We have watched the bathers, the promenade on the board walk, and the rippling water of the lake. Little "Patsy" has enjoyed herself. How she loves to swim! With the car repaired, I hope we can go on to-morrow.

July 23. With clear skies this morning we set out for Lake Kallitogama, after picking up a lot of foreign (!) souvenirs in Fort Frances, and stopping for an early dinner in International Falls. A little run of 40 miles and there was the lovely lake with the unpronounceable name, its blue waters shimmering thru the trees! - - - - We are to stay here at Kallitogama Lake a while. This is our objective rather than the Lake of the Woods.

July 24. Camp "Wooden Frog". For Edward fishing, for me setting the little house for house-keeping. A gray day with rain beginning late afternoon. The Fisher man came in wet.

July 25. Sunday: We have spent a pleasant day. The lake was choppy most of the morning, but the Fisher man was out anyway. A good fish dinner and the quiet afternoon. Late afternoon we took a little walk. We will read this evening. The lake is beautiful now, the sun low across the water, a path of gleaming gold thru the trees.

July 26. Reading most of the day: Mauriel Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird". It has been a perfect day, quiet, sunny, and not too warm. The lake is lovely. But there are too many people, motor boats, noise. Beagle always spoil things. - - - - "Patsy" does enjoy herself.

July 27. Late afternoon. I just finished reading: "The Phantom Rickshaw" by Kipling. Edward's bad fishing luck continues. Still with fish so large we have all we care to eat. Evening: we went on a wild goose chase after supper with some fellow tourists to a garbage field to see bears feeding. The bears failed to appear, but there were tracks.

July 28. Well, if that tooth of mine that has been quivering did not go on a ram page and upset the day! About nine o'clock we set out across a very rough lake with a Myd & Myd Allright from Kansas City for a day's fishing. The waves ran so high I was frightened at first. But we all had to get used to it. We found calmer waters, got some fish, and ate our picnic dinner on a little island. (The lake is so beautiful!) Then my tooth set up! Got back at five in misery. Found some relief late evening.

July 29. My last entry here at Lake Kagana. We have been here a week and Edward wants to roll on in the morning. - - - - The day has been quiet and golden. I see a lot of lovely lake thru the trees. What are the last flush of sunset fading. Will we find so beautiful a lake?

July 30. Lake Vermillion.

We were up at the break of dawn, "pulled the jacks," and some after five, without so much as a backward glance, left Lake Kagana. We had 70 miles of rough roads and highway under construction, but a beautiful road at that. Three miles of pine. And after much turning and winding we came to Vermillion, blue and shimmering in mid-day sunshine. I spent the afternoon getting order established in the house. It is much warmer here at Vermillion. But the heat at home ???

July 31. Lake Vermillion

We were out on the lake all morning. Edward fished without our strike. I set up on a rock on an island and read some short tales by Oscar Wilde. A lovely green and gold day, a lovely view of blue lake, and dense pine-clad shore line --- why fish --- but why read? We had chops for dinner! Then we both read all the afternoon: Edw. deep in Anne Lindbergh's "North to the Orient," while I read some De Manassant. --- So July goes.

Aug. 1. Sunday: A gray, rainy day here at Vermillion. It poured rain before we were up. It has been a long day, too. I am tired of reading. We are both too rest-lust. I think we will go on to-narrow. The child of Vermillion I can't recapture. Give me new places, new places, always new places! So-narrow we will go on.

Aug. 2. En route!

It is nice to be travelling along again! We finally got out of the Vermillion region this morning, having 25 miles or more of highway so rough we could not appreciate the beautiful winding road thru the pines. Back to national highway we set out for Virginia. Virginia! A real little city with good shops and a cosmopolitan atmosphere. How good it seemed! We had a good dinner and shopped. --- All of this afternoon we have been travelling thru this great iron region. I remember it well.

Evening: We have a good camp site out of Grand Rapids. It is hot and sultry. The little gas house!

Aug. 3. En route:

Miles and miles of good hard surfaced highway to-day. Stay over east stairs all morning. Good morning. We came to Brainard

about noon. Got dinner and bought a few trinkets. Arrived at Little Falls some after two flying miles to Sank Center. We are off to Osakis!

Evening. Lake Osakis.

I remembered a beautiful stretch of green grass - a high place - the waters of Osakis below - - - here it is. The same green sward, the gray rockless waters of the lake. Only I am different! But I've lived a hundred years since then. - - - It is beautiful here. This cool wind heavenly.

Aug. 4. En route towards home.

Just making home that's all. Miles and miles, familiar, uninteresting miles. Pleasant fields of harvest fields, tall corn, and a little hotter. A long run from Alexandria to a school house camp some little distance from the Minnesota - Iowa line. For miles to-day we travelled new

asphalt highway that "Burgie-Week's" feet stick in like mud. So it was miles and miles all day, just 211 miles.

Aug 5. We are in Omaha, jacked here in Elmwood Park to cool off and rest a little before we set out on the last lap. It has been a long difficult day of maturing. The heat is bearable. When a tire went down near Council Bluffs, E.W. had a hard job. I began to think we never would get over the long drag over Council Bluffs and finally to Omaha, and a belated 4:30 dinner.

We are going to drive home slow, slip into Park Avenue after dark and chat the neighbors all of a treat - - - Then the trip to the Minnesota - Canadian line will be all - - - and we both will be glad.

Home: 9:30. A cool wind, but a hot, hot house. Mrs. Bell brought over ice-cubes.

Aug. 6. Unpacking "Burgie-Week" on the drive! All went well at home. The yard looks nice. Sarah as well as could be expected. Old Laddie glad to get home. Things O.K. at the Shelter. David sold his place and is financially safe again. So we will take up the every day.

Aug. 7. So hot we can get little done. But a storm is coming in the west. If it only cools off! Saturday night, and I am staying home.

Aug. 8. Sunday: The usual big dinner, ice cream, --- the Sunday paper to read --- radio programs --- toast and tea. David rather more cheerful. Hot, and the fan humming here in the basement.

Aug. 9. Board-meeting, so I made a whole day of it damn tough regardless of heat. Had my hair washed, paid bills, and visited the dentist.